

AN ISOLATED CLAY-TABLET OF AIPHĒRĒS KĪDĪNŌS, THE CRETAN.

(From the Great Palace of Minos recently discovered at Gnosso.)



Our Translator, who is at present deeply engaged in deciphering the works of Axit-Tigleth-Miphansi, the Scribe, turning his attention, for the moment, to this new "great find," informs us that this tablet is undoubtedly of the best period, for it is *perfect* Greek to him. As he is confessedly "a bit of a—Cretan—himself!" we have confidently placed the work of translation in his hands. The Document would seem to refer, he writes, to certain morning and evening "papyri" of an archaic epoch,—journals, in fact, produced for daily

sale, and appealing to various tribes or parties in the state, strangely similar in some respects to the newspapers of the present day, except in so far, of course, as they expound the mature and authoritative views on current events of persons who might otherwise have wholly escaped notice or recognition. Frequent allusions to certain "Votive Caves" to which appeal had recently been made would seem to point to some rudimentary foreshadowing of our electoral system.

FIRST PORTION.

1. With the rising of the Sun came forth the "Thunderer"
2. in all its majesty
3. and its sale was world-wide, the seas
4. it traversed, and into the palaces of the great princes
5. and potentates of the earth was it brought
6. by liveried servants of haughty demeanour
7. on salvers of gold and
8. of silver, and on the spotless damask
9. with the bacon of the morning, and with the judiciously selected egg of the better-class hen
10. was it newly laid
11. Its leading Articles were as
12. the sayings of the gods, and in the
13. Square of the Printing-House on the hill near
14. the Cercos
15. Great rumblings and thunder
16. did herald their production.
17. Then did the People all bow down
18. in reverence, and talk in a whisper
19. and buy something cheaper
20. for they couldn't afford it.
21. contained therein was much elegant and
22. highly cultured script, and all taint of sensation
23. was relentlessly slaughtered,

24. the writings and doings of well-approved
25. persons only they, and no others,
26. were ever admitted
27. even Cabinet Ministers had to be careful
28. and speak most succinctly
29. or risk crystallization
30. and it was cavière to the General
- [A colloquial expression, referring perhaps with a sly condemnation to the insufficient vote for *personnel* in the Cretan Army Estimates—hence, a luxury.—just as one might say, for instance, cock-pheasant to the caretaker, or Pommery to the dustman. You take the idea?]
31. Then all of a sudden, after violent rumblings
32. did it bring forth a special cheap line in
33. book-cases, of undeniable elegance
34. and warranted durable, the despair of our other less pushing upholsterers . . . polished off maple
35. on a system of payments intensely alluring
36. to the general public—even circum-spect Scotchmen
37. tumbled over each other—to get a bit longer

38. a week or a fortnight . . . to pay in
39. And prosperity was even as its Door-keeper.
40. It showered upon them;
41. till, one fateful morning, did they come
42. a sad cropper.
- [We have wired a remonstrance. Editorial protest against this familiar style of expression, "Confound that translator!"]
43. In a leaded-out article a startled community
44. read the words "Zeus, of course is a myth."
45. Just imagine!
46. Then midst the crash of his property thunderbolts, mid the
47. gleam of his pallid and portable lightnings
48. done up in a rug-strap
49. Did Zeus, the *Real* Thunderer, who lived in the District—in the Suburbs, I may say—the God of Olympus
50. Sweep into the office,
51. Tearing the telephone up by the roots,
52. and throwing sub-editors,
53. mildly protesting, all over the building,
54. did he

Case proceeding.

(Result will be given in later editions.)

E. T. R.

BALLAD OF A FIRST NIGHTER.

SWEETHEART! I'd have you understand,
Before you wed this simple swain,
How many are my failings, and
The chief is Drama on the brain.
Though not among the Upper Ten,
For many years I have been used
To patronise the theatre when
A West End novelty's produced.

Though I cannot afford, it's true,
To book me an expensive seat,
What matter waiting in a queue
Some time beforehand down the street?
The dreary vigil soon is o'er,
And then there comes the final squeeze,
When, through the barely open door,
They let the crowd in by degrees.

O happy hour! for there is no
Sensation to compare, I'm sure,
With what I always undergo
While waiting for the overture.
All trifling worries seem to fade
Amid the soft expectant hum
That, on a first night, will pervade
The crowded auditorium.

A host of well-known faces are
Within the opera glasses' range:
Celebrities of Bench and Bar,
The Peerage and the Stock Exchange.
The "gods" are keen to recognise
Each lucky mortal whom they love,
And cat-calls and unearthly cries
Will greet the victim from above.

But, after all, the play's the thing,
Whether a bustling farce it be,
Or melodrama, that may bring
Lumps in the throat incessantly.
And though the dialogue be smart,
And situations fairly strong;
I'll prophesy that at the start
It's pretty sure to play too long.

Perchance the programme, we may find,
Is comic opera, light but sweet,
Whose melodies imbue the mind
With a desire to stamp the feet.
(Fair is the fame a tune may win
If you can take it home and hum;
'Twill feed piano-organs in
The happy days that are to come.)

The piece to a conclusion draws;
Is it success or failure? Who
Can tell for certain if applause
Will drown the low discordant "Boo!"
At curtain fall what scenes occur,
When frenzied voices loudly shout
For actors, author, manager,
Until at last the lights go out?

Sweetheart! I've laid my weakness bare,
I cannot let the Drama slide;
Say, will you my enjoyment share,
And visit theatres by my side?
Fear not for me that dangers lie
Along the histrionic line;
Excepting on a first night, I
Am wholly, absolutely thine! P. G.

THE WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY.

(Being extracts from the Diary of a Cavalry Subaltern.)

(See the "Times" for Nov. 6.)

April.—Got my commission in the — Hussars. Crack regiment! Pater awfully pleased. Thought they might refuse to pass me. I'm not what you'd call clever. But my crammer says examination of secondary importance in the cavalry. Main thing is to be good at polo and cricket and have a handsome allowance, especially the last. Said the Governor must guarantee me £600 a year. Old man looked rather blue, but stumped up. And here I am, a British cavalry officer with a career before me. Talk of reforming the army. Stuff and nonsense!

May.—Curious how cavalry life runs away with money. Had to buy two chargers, £250, which I am to feed at my own expense. Now must provide stabling for them. Officers' stabling, as provided by generous Government, not fit to put a jackass in. Rents for stabling strangely high, too, in the neighbourhood. Suppose they put 'em up because they know we must have 'em, whatever they charge. Seems curious no one has thought of altering that. Pity to throw money away, even in cavalry regiment. But no matter. It's a splendid life. Better not begin making changes. Nothing so dangerous as this talk about reform.

June.—Allowance running away at a deuce of a pace. Just been looking through my bills for uniforms. I can't possibly pay them out of my allowance; must send them in to the governor. What with full-dress and mess-dress, and gold lace and silver lace, and frogs and lappels, half-a-dozen different things to wear on my head and a dozen different things to wear on my back, the tailor seems to do very well out of it. Two pairs of regulation gold-striped pantaloons, price 14 guineas. Poor old governor! And the best of it is we never wear our uniforms when we can possibly avoid it. So that there are all my civilian clothes as well. One must dress well in the cavalry. I wonder whether they oughtn't to change all that? But no, Colonel says he won't have any talk about reform in his regiment. After all, there's nothing like the British Army.

July.—Had to write to the governor for money to-day. Furnishing one's quarters runs away with tin like anything. They were merely four bare walls when I entered them, and a fellow must have decent things about him. It doesn't look well to be stingy about these things. The other fellows don't like it. So I had a furnishing chap in, and he did them up in style. Rum thing. Should have thought the government would have done something in the way of furnishing for us. Lot of money wasted every time a chap gets transferred, or when the regiment moves.

But suppose it's all right. Colonel says so.

August.—All the fellows rather down in the mouth to-night at mess. Even the Colonel swore. He had just heard that our uniforms are to be altered. Gold braid on breeks to be one inch wide instead of two inches, and cloth of tunic to be blue drill instead of blue serge. Mess jacket changed too. Beastly shame, I call it. Will cost me a cool hundred merely to get new duds. The War Office is perfectly incompetent. Colonel says it ought to be cleared out altogether, and another lot put in instead. Wants reforming, that's what it wants, thorough reforming.

September.—Governor was down to-day to talk about my "prospects" as he calls them. It was his retrospects that took up most of the time. Wanted to know why my mess bills were so high, why champagne figured so often at dinner. Told him I couldn't help it. Never drink champagne myself. Don't like it. But it's a tradition of British cavalry. He said d—n tradition. Then he wanted to know about that subscription to the band. What do I want with a band? Why should I fork out £10 for it. Suggested 10s. would be a more reasonable figure. I explained that in cavalry regiments the officers always pay for the band. He said d—n cavalry regiments. Asked me if I had any chance of seeing active service and making a career. Had to tell him cavalry officers never had careers. Horses and men too heavy for active service nowadays. All the work done by mounted infantry. Governor says it's d—d nonsense. I begin to think it is.

October.—Fresh change in uniform ordered from Pall Mall. More expense to me. Regiment ordered to another station. That means furnishing new quarters. More expense. Best charger fell down in his stall and strained himself. Vet. says he must be shot. That means I must get another. And I'm pretty well dipped already. Our mess is going give a race lunch next week and a farewell ball the week after, and I must plank down subscriptions for each. Was there ever such a beastly service? And was there ever such an idiotic country that permits its army to be managed in this way?

November.—Sent in my papers. Ont of the — Hussars, thank Heaven! Governor says he'll find a better use for £800 a year. Don't blame him either.

I'll sing thee songs of Araby—
You'll ask me soon to stop.
I'll tell thee tales of SARA B.,
Whereof I have a crop.

THE LAST STRAW.—At the Savoy, Mr. D'OYLY CARTE again tries the Patience of Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN.

SOPHISTICUFFS.

["The ideal leader is a cross between the pedant and the prize-fighter."—*Army and Navy Gazette*.]

Arma virumque cano—

The man is a bit of a prig,
But the arms make a beautiful show,
For the bulge of his biceps is big:
(His biceps is brutally big).

His nature has contrary parts,
Compounded of honey and gall,
He's advanced in the liberal arts,
And he's handy at punching the ball:
(The art of advancement is Bawl).

His learning is partly a feint,
Tho' at classical tags he is glib,
For his pattern and hero and saint
Is the doughty departed TOM CRIBB:
(The classics are best with a crib).

So give him an army behind,
And set him the foeman before,
For "mauleys," when mated with
mind,
Are just what are wanted in war:
(Some MORLEYS are wanting in war).

THE SUPERINTENDENT'S STORY.

(See any report of any Dog and Cat Home.)

I AM pleased to report a marked increase in the mortality of the dogs. This I attribute to the more regular use of the recreation ground and the growing popularity of athletics.

The cats have suffered severely from an outbreak of influenza, in consequence of which the expenses of the lethal chamber have been materially reduced. The consumptive cough, which affected a great many patients, shows signs of spreading to the dogs. The strictly hydropathic treatment which has been adopted seems powerless against the evil.

Among boarded cats the mortality was also high. Many were seized with epileptic fits, and died before medical aid could be procured. In a number of cases the post-mortem examinations showed that there was nothing inside the cats which accounted for their decease.

In French poodles a common cause of death was cerebral congestion.

In conclusion I would like to call attention to the value of the Home as a holiday resort for all sorts and conditions of dogs and cats, and would recommend that when the householder pays his annual visit to the hydropathic he should send his pet to us, where it will derive immense benefit, mental, moral, and physical, from the low diet and change of air and surroundings. Dogs of a corpulent habit derive incalculable good from our system, and rapidly lose all apoplectic symptoms. A cat given to over-indulgence and the evil habits of eating and sleeping is sent home a reformed character—a better, if a sadder, cat.



RACING UP-TO-DATE.

"The American Jockey Club have passed a law which warns off any person who can be proved to have affected the speed of a horse by the use of drugs, or who shall have used electrical or mechanical appliances other than whip or spur. This rule further forbids drugs, whether administered internally or hypodermically."—*The Field*.

Trainer. "NOW THIS HORSE IS AS FIT AS CHEMICALS CAN MAKE HIM. YOU'VE GOT A GALVANIC SADDLE, AN ELECTRIC WHIP, HYPODERMIC SPURS, AND IF YOU CAN ONLY SHIN A BIT FARTHER UP HIS NECK, YOU OUGHT JUST TO LICK ANYTHING WITH HAIR ON IT!"

NEGRO-MANCY WITH A VENGEANCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am what is called supernaturalistic, and, therefore, a true believer in sound soothsaying. Within the last few days, my friend has been terribly upset by a fearsome paragraph which has been going the round of the Press. The dread augury reads as follows:

"A negro at St. Malo, France, prophesied the collapse of the British Empire, the revival of the Holy Roman Empire, with WILLIAM II. as the modern Charlemagne."

These are words of great portent, and they fill me with awe. As I know you, Sir, to be sapient above your fellows, I venture to ask—

1. Why did the sable seer choose St.

Malo, France, as the spot for revealing the downfall of the British Empire?

2. Why did he select the Emperor WILLIAM II. as the modern Charlemagne and the revivalist of the Holy Roman Empire?

Of course, if this Coloured Prophet be right in his forecast I must sell out my British Government Stock, and invest my capital in securities of the new Holy Roman Empire. But why St. Malo? Why WILLIAM II.? Why this black foreboding? Try and relieve the trembling suspense of your obedient Servant,

MARTHA MAGPIE.

Aspen Lodge, South Lambeth.

THE BOER GENERAL WE WANT TO HEAR OF NOW.—General Surrender.

A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.

BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.
Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

CHAPTER X.

TRUST HER NOT! SHE IS FOOLING THEE!

*As the Sunset flames most fiery when snuffed out by sudden night;
As the Swan reserves its twitter till about to hop the twig;
As the Cobra's head swells biggest just before he does his bite;
So a feminine smiles her sweetest ere she gives her nastiest dig.*

Satirical Stanza (unpublished) by H. B. J.

NOW that our hero had obtained the name of *Milky Way* was to be inscribed on the Golden Book of Derby candidates, his next proceeding was to hire a practical jockey to assume supreme command of her.

And this was no simple matter, since practical jockeys are usually hired many weeks beforehand, and demand handsome wages for taking their seats. But at last, after protracted advertisements, Mr. BHOSH had the good fortune to pitch upon a perfect treasure, whose name was CADWALLADER PERKIN, and who, for his riding in some race or other, had been awarded a whole year's holiday by the stewards who had observed the paramountcy of his horsemanship.

No sooner had PERKIN inspected *Milky Way* than he was quite in love with his stable companion, and assured his employer that, with more regular out-of-door exercise, she would be easily competent to win the Derby on her head, whereupon, Mr. BHOSH consented that she should be galloped after dark round the inner circle of Regent's Park, which is chiefly populated at such a time by male and female bicyclists.

But in order to pay PERKIN's charges, and also provide a silken jockey tunic and cap of his own racing colours (which were cream and sky-blue), Mr. BHOSH was compelled to borrow more money from Mr. MCALPINE, who, as a Jewish Scotch, exacted the rather exorbitant percentage of sixty per centum.

It leaked out in some manner that *Milky Way* was a coming Derby favourite, and the property of a Native young Indian sportsman, whose entire fortunes depended on her success, and soon immense multitudes congregated in Regent's Park to witness her trials of speed, and cheered enthusiastically to behold the fiery sparks scintillating from the stones as she circumvented the inner circle in seven-leagued boots.

Mr. BHOSH of course asseverated that she was a very mediocre sort of mare, and that he did not at all expect that she would prove a winner, but connoisseurs nevertheless betted long odds upon her success, and BINDABUN himself, though not a speculative, did put on the pot himself upon the golden egg which he was so anxiously hatching.

One evening amongst those who were gathered to view the nocturnal exercises of *Milky Way* there appeared a feminine spectator of rather sinister aspect, in a thick veil and a victoria-carriage.

It was no other than Duchess DICKINSON, who had somehow learnt how courageously Mr. BHOSH was endeavouring to fulfil the Astrologer - Royal's prediction, and who had come to ascertain whether his mare was indeed such a paragon of celerity as had been represented.

The very first time that *Milky Way* cantered past with the gait of a streak of lightning, the Duchess realised with a sinking heart that Mr. BHOSH must indubitably succeed at the Derby—unless he was prevented.

But how to achieve this? Her womanly instinct told her that CADWALLADER PERKIN was far too inexperienced to resist for long such mature and ripened charms as hers—even though the latter were unfortunately discounted by the accidental nose-flattening.

So, lowering her veil till only her eyes were visible above, she waited till he passed once more, then flung him such a liquid and flashing glance from her starry and now no longer discoloured optics that the young jockey, who was of an excessively susceptible disposition, all but fell off the saddle with emotion, like a very juvenile bird under serpentine observation. "He is mine!" said the unscrupulous Duchess internally, laughing up her sleeve at such a proof of her fascinations, "mine! mine!"

She had too much intelligence and mother-wit, however, to take any steps until Mr. BHOSH should be safely out of the way—and how to accomplish his removal?

As an acquaintance with the above-mentioned usurer, MCALPINE, she was aware that he had advanced large loans to Mr. BHOSH, and so she laid her plans and bided her time.

There soon remained only one day before that carnival of all sporting saturnals, the Epsom Derby day, and BINDABUN formed the prudent resolution to avoid any delays or crushings by putting *Milky Way* into a railway box, and despatching her to Epsom on the previous afternoon, under the chaperonage of CADWALLADER PERKIN, who was to engage suitable lodgings for her in the vicinity of the course.

But just as BINDABUN was approaching the booking hole of Victoria terminus to take a horse-ticket, lo and behold! he was rapped on the shoulder by a couple of policemen, who civilly inquired whether his name was not BHOSH.

He replied that it was, and that he was the lucky proprietor of a female horse who was infallibly destined to win the Derby, and that he was even now proceeding to purchase her travelling ticket. But the policemen insisted that he must first discharge the full amount of his debt and costs to Mr. MCALPINE, who had commenced a law-suit.

"It is highly inconvenient to pay now," replied our hero, "I will settle up after receiving my Derby Stakes."

"We are infernally sorry," said the constables, "but we have instructions to imprison you until the amount is stumped up, and anything you say now will be taken down and used against you at your trial."

Mr. BHOSH remained *sotto voce*; and as he was being led off with gyves upon his wrists, like ARAM the Usher, whom should he behold but the Duchess of DICKINSON!

Like all truly first-class heroes, he was of a generous, confiding nature, and his head was not for a moment entered by the suspicion that the Duchess could still cherish any illfeelings towards him. "I am sincerely sorry," he said with good-humoured gallantry, "to observe that your ladyship's nose-leather is still in such bad repair. I was riding a rather muscular steed that afternoon, and could not thoroughly control my movements."

She suavely responded that she was proud to have been the means of breaking his fall.

"Not only my fall—but your own nose!" retorted Mr. BHOSH sympathetically. "A sad pity! Fortunately, at your time of life such disfigurements are of no consequence. I, myself, am now in the pretty pickle."

And he explained how he had been arrested for debt, at the very moment when he had an appointment to meet his mare and jockey and see them safely off by the Epsom train.

"Do not trouble about that," said the Duchess. "Hand me your purse, and I myself will meet them and do the needful on your behalf. I have interest with this Mr. MCALPINE and will intercede that you are let out immediately."

Mr. BHOSH kissed her hand as he handed over his said purse. "This is, indeed, a noble return for my coldheartedness," he said, "and I am even more sorry than before that I should have involuntarily dilapidated so exquisite a nose."

"Pray do not mention it," replied the Duchess, with the baleful simper of a Sphinx, and Mr. BHOSH departed for his durance vile with a mind totally free from misgivings.

(To be continued.)



A LITTLE HOLIDAY.

Madame La France, "SO SORRY, MR. KRUGER, BUT OUR EXHIBITION IS CLOSED." Mr. Kruger, "JUST MY LUCK! SO 'S THE TRANSVAAL."

Henry Van der Linde



CLYDE & CO. 33
Gent (in black). "DO YOU CONSIDER THAT A PRETTY FACE?"
His Friend. "No. IT JUST MISSES IT BECAUSE THERE'S NOTHING
IN IT. GIVE ME A FACE WITH CHARACTER!"

L'EXPOSITION KRÜGER.

[Lines arranged to be delivered by an orator from a gilded car supporting the Exhibition Bust of Krüger on the quay at Marseilles, in the event of his appearance at that port; a contingency still doubtful at the time of going to press.]

"REDS of the Midi!" Flower of Freedom's sons!
Type of our nation's chivalrous *canaille*!
Look here upon this bold and speaking Bust,
Transported hitherward by *grande vitesse*
Fresh from the Exhibition lately closed.
Observe it, o'er a scroll of myriad names
Subscribed by Europe's noblest (entrance free),
Wreathed to the eyes with radiant *immortelles*,
Salt with the tears of injured Liberty,
And holy by the virgin kiss of France!
Remark the counterfeit similitude
Of one whose erudition in the Psalms
Compels the love of our religious land;—
Whose generous behaviour toward the blacks
(Our brothers, is it not?) endears him to
The Christian conquerors of Madagascar;—
Whose burghers, rightly struggling to be free,
Are, many of them, ours by ties of race,
As sprung from that old blood of Huguenots
Which fructified our freedom-loving soil
Or else migrated to the Netherlands.
Alas! that, by the irony of fate,
Our honoured friend (the Bust's Original)
Should happen to be somewhat out of touch
With Albion, whom we love! It is the one
Lone rift within our present lute!

But lo!

See yonder where the wingéd cruiser pounds,
All bunting, into port! I mark the smoke
Curl from the stolid pipe of one that stands
Like to a god impassive on the poop,
Deaf to the siren's petrifying snort.
His cheek bewrays the hero who has borne
The motions of the deep from down below.
Never, since DREYFUS sought our sheltering shores,
Has such a Martyr found a home with us.
Unfortunately 'tis a fleeting guest!
Elsewhere they wait his advent; bounteous Belgium,
Whose human sympathy for Afric's woes
Shines in the person of the pure LOTHAIRE,
Opens her arms, where once SIPIDO lay,
To fold the Flying Dutchman on her chest.
Nor may he linger long in that embrace,
Seeing his temporary furlough might
At any moment rudely be curtailed
By news of Albion's utter overthrow.
Meanwhile we give a welcome worthy France
To him that comes, most seasonably due,
Upon the Exhibition's dying groan,
To fill the vacuum our hearts abhor,
And be an Exhibition in himself!

Let not this graceful welcome be defiled
By ribald comments on our Cabinet,
Cries that have come to be regarded as
A national anthem, good for all occasions.
If, in a sudden heat, as may occur,
You wish to vent your spleen—to spit, in fact—
At somebody's expense, no matter whose,
Then, out of deference to our brave police,
Employ discretion, keep your language vague,
Hinting at perfidy in general terms!

What ho! the war-like vessel bumps the quay!
Now wave your banners! Clear your brazen throats!
Blow up the Marseillaise on several bands!
And wheel the Bust athwart the gangway's end
To make our hero feel himself at home;
And let the delegates walk on by twos,
And grip his neck in turn, and cry like this,
Tears in the voice, "*Vive Krüger! Vivent les Boers!*"
Then let the multitude repeat the same,
Adding, if so they must, for mere delight,
"*A bas les traîtres!*" not specifying any. O. S.

THE NEXT CABINET COUNCIL.

(A Forecast.)

SCENE—Downing Street. PERSONS—As usual.

Lord Salisbury (tapping on the table). Ahem!—I think we had better get to business. Now, about the War Office, for instance—

Mr. Chamberlain. Ah, yes, about the War Office. The subject is most interesting. Let me tell you a little experience of my own. I had a perfectly splendid time on the *Cæsar* with AUSTEN, perfectly splendid. Salutes everywhere, lots of ammunition blazing away every day, flags flying, you know, bands playing "*Rule Britannia*" all over the place, and everybody showing a most touching loyalty and devotion to my—I mean—ahem!—to her Majesty's person. But there's another point I want to talk about—I mentioned it to GEORGE WHITE at Gibraltar, but I'm afraid his sufferings in Ladysmith have worried him too much—at any rate, he didn't seem to pay sufficient attention to what I said—it's about the guns on the Rock. They ought to be completely changed. But, of course, both at Gibraltar and Malta—

Lord Salisbury (gently interrupting). The business before the Council is the reform of—



IF YOU SHOULD FIND A STRAY BULL IN POSSESSION OF THE LINKS, AND WHO IS FASCINATED BY YOUR LITTLE RED LANDMARKS, DON'T TRY AND PERSUADE POOR MR. LITTLEMAN TO DRIVE HIM AWAY. HE IS VERY PLUCKY—BUT IT ISN'T GOLF.

Mr. Chamberlain (volubly continuing). As I said, both at Gibraltar and Malta we had several banquets. Really, these people did their very best to prove that patriotism is still a living fire. Whenever I spoke, for instance, there was loud and long continued cheering from the whole company—

Mr. Brodrick (aggressively). Talking of Companies, have you noticed how the *Morning Leader*—

Mr. Chamberlain (glaring, but impressive). I was saying, that the whole company broke out into enthusiastic applause. What more do you want? Canada is with us, Australia keeps on cabling to me, Malta gives me banquets, Gibraltar salutes me, India offers rupees, even the West Indies send subscriptions, and during all this time I've been on the *Cæsar* with AUSTEN, and the Empire has been made absolutely safe all round. As an ordinary—

Lord Lansdowne (aloud, to himself). Shareholder—

Mr. Chamberlain (again glaring, and still impressive). I say, as an ordinary but none the less patriotic individual, I could not help feeling that the miserable calumny to which I have been exposed, sinks into nothingness. I am a Fishmonger; I have dined with GEORGE WHITE and GRENFELL; I have been a guest on the *Cæsar*. Isn't that a sufficient answer? But I wanted to tell you about the guns on the *Cæsar*. It's a most remarkable thing, but they hadn't a single yard of red cloth out for us on the gangways. Is that right? I appeal to the head of the Government. Am I the sort of man to—

Lord Salisbury (stung beyond endurance). Oh! Kynoch!!

[Loud cheers, during which the luncheon hour strikes and the Council breaks up.]

LONDON AND SHAKESPEARE.

SIR,—The other day I read a complaint, made by some worthy, that we do not commemorate our greatest poet and dramatist by naming public places, streets, parks, etc., after the most notable characters in his plays. I see, however, that there is a place called "Cassibury Park." Good. Is there anywhere an "Othellobury Avenue," or an "Iagobury Terrace"?

Yours, RODERIGO.

APATHY.

(To the Editor of the —.)

OUR great and glorious party has been sinking, Sir, of late, To a sad and most deplorable condition; The register's neglected, and the funds are in a state Of absolute and abject inanition.

So, lest its future still proceed from bad to worse, mayhap (In the present dearth of amateur advisers),

I write these lines, whose end and object is to fit the cap On the right heads—of our party organisers.

Now take my case as typical, an ardent partisan, The backbone of our party, let me say, Sir, Well up in every topic, who can jaw with any man, And in policies can point you out the way, Sir; I've lived in this same neighbourhood, and in this same abode, For fifteen years (no doubt, the agent knew it), And I might have had the franchise if I'd walked across the road, Yet he never called and asked me, Sir, to do it.

I was shot for a subscription to the party years ago (The figure was a minimum, a shilling); If you ask me have I paid it, I'm compelled to answer, "No," But not, indeed, because I was unwilling. You can't be always thinking about trifling sums like that, So I waited for the "seventh application," Till the lazy beggars let it drop—and now they wonder at Their empty purse with imbecile vexation.

While others spend their strength upon the canvas—or do not, To look up faithful friends or win the doubting, I haven't time to waste upon such tedious, irksome rot, But I'm always with the first to do the shouting. Then when you see our party (with supporters, heart and soul, Like me), from sheer neglect must fall asunder, If by thundering majorities they're beaten at the poll With confidence I ask you, "Can you wonder?"

DARBY JONES AS A PROPHET INDEED.

HONOURABLE SIR,—It passed my poor Understanding, being one of those Wretched Beings surrounded by Providence with the Troubles brought about by Connubial Cricket on the Hearth, to draw your Esteemed Attention last week but one to the fact that so long ago as in the Issue of your Ennobling Journal dated December 10, 1898, I wrote referring to "The Harvest of the Turf" some very Pertinent (perhaps some would say Impertinent) remarks with regard to "Bottlers," and others. In my Post-Scriptum, I added these words:

"I humbly submit my remarks to the Great Gimcracker, Lord DURHAM, who appears to be a sort of Jockey Club General BOULANGER. There is a Minister for Agriculture, why not one for Turfculture? Lord DURHAM might take the office, and be Government Handicapper, Starter, Chucker-out, and Head Lad all rolled into one. His ancestor killed the Lambton Worm. His Lordship might slay the Hydra-headed Horrors, which are apparently bred on the Turf like rabbits. They would be sure to succumb to Durham mustard."

Could there have been any Better Forecast? Lord DURHAM, backed by that Genial Turfite Mr. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD, has perfectly fulfilled my prediction. And again I ask why should not the Men of the Book be licensed by the Jockey Club? This matter of *Bis* and the *Cito Dat* (to quote the Classics) is so easily arranged. The great Nonconformist (I speak without Reference to Creed) Objection is that such a Procedure on the part of the Lords of Newmarket would License Betting.

I beg with all humility to reply that Betting has never been declared Illegal by English Law, and that the Jockey Club Stewards practically license it themselves. It is no use, moreover, disguising the FACT (as the quaint author of *Tom and Jerry* would have had the word printed) that the Mainstay of Running Horses is the Desire of Owners and their Followers (great and Small), to follow their Fancy. Preach till you are black as a Chimney-Sweep, but you will NEVER get rid of this Truth. During this past week I have known many Patrons and Friends sacrifice their Little Alls, and their County Patrimonies to Speculation on the Result of the Occupancy of Washington's Chair. This was Legalised, and great have been the Ups of those who backed President MCKINLEY for the U. S. Sweepstakes.

For our Universal Sweepstakes I look to Lord DURHAM—though Heaven wots he has many Unprincipled Enemies!—to legalise Bookmaking. The absurdity of not doing so is best exemplified by the Conduct of the Paris Exhibition, recognised and supported by the Queen's Government yet organised on the principle of a Lottery which would not obtain at Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, Chester, York, Sandown,

Kempton, Liverpool, Manchester or even Wye. I should like that Prince of Advocates Mr. C. F. GILL to give the Why and Wherefore of my Argument. I am too poor a Sophist (I think that is the O. K. expression), but nevertheless I would like to back the Triple Event, DURHAM-ROTHSCHILD-GILL v. all the Jockeys belonging to the Jockey Club, or the Yankees, or the Not-to-be-Found. Apologising for this Fervour in the Field, and congratulating H.R.H. on his tact with regard to somebody else's loane. I am,

Your devoted Troubadour,

DARBY JONES.

WHITECHAPEL v. MAYFAIR.

THERE are who have made it their mission
To clamour in accents of woe,
O'er the terribly crowded condition
Of Whitechapel, Hoxton and Bow;
Be it mine to warn innocent strangers
Of the West—be it mine to declare,
The numberless horrors and dangers
Of our little flat in Mayfair.

Some people wax very emphatic,
And wroth at the slum-dwellers' plight.
Have they seen the diminutive attie
In which we are cabined at night?
Have they seen the black cupboard appalling,
Where our general struggles for air?
Have they seen the grim coroner calling
At our little flat in Mayfair?

Have they heard of the crowd that inhabits
Our warren—the young and the old,
And the infants like so many rabbits,
With their prams in battalions untold?
You may sigh o'er the sorrowful question
Of Whitechapel: I say, "Beware!
There is more overcrowded congestion
In our little flat in Mayfair."

POLITICAL TYPES.

(Being recently discovered fragments of the
"Characters" of Theophrastus.)

THE RADICAL SNOB.

RADICAL Snobbery may be defined as pretension to convictions which one does not possess.

The Radical Snob is one who will tell you at a meeting that he, for one, would do away with all privileged classes and individuals, using eloquent words in a discourse on the brotherhood of man; and who, if a grandee come to visit the place where he resides, will rush off to the station to meet him, offering the hospitality of his humble home and to carry his portmanteau. When he entertains his fellow citizens, the many, he is a teetotaler; the choicest vintage of his cellar is not good enough for his friends, the few.

THE SCHOLASTIC LIBERAL.

Scholastic Liberalism would seem to be

a theoretical presumption that all men are equal.

The Scholastic Liberal is the kind of person who, when addressing the electorate of East Slumborough, will discourse on the philosophic aspects of the situation; it is just like him, too, to elucidate his meaning by a reference to the *Republic* of one Plato (*Stephanus*, 513 B), adding that of course the passage is familiar to them all. If he is made aware that the bath is not a universal institution, he will express surprise. He is very apt to increase the Tory majority.

THE POLITICAL NOBODY.

Political Nonentity is, if one would wish to define it, the pursuit of exercises for which one is unfit.

The Political Nobody is the sort of man who never misses a division. He has not been known to catch the Speaker's eye. Great is he in his burgh, and, should he address his constituents, many are the preparations of his secretary. When the local press has reported his plagiarisms in full, he will send marked copies to all his friends. He will not fail to subscribe to all the local clubs and charities, and is sure to be returned with a large majority.

THE LIBERAL IMPERIALIST.

Liberal Imperialism would seem to be, in fact, excessive desire to paint the map red to the neglect of social problems.

The Liberal Imperialist is one who will support the Tory Government in all cases of aggression. If there is a question of conquering a free people, he will say he wishes to confer on others the privileges he himself enjoys, adding that it is no bad fate to become a British citizen. He is very apt to be called a Tory.

THE LITTLE ENGLANDER.

Little Englandism is unnecessary adherence to the inevitable deductions of Liberalism.

The Little Englander is one who, when he thinks of our slums at home, is rather apt to forget our interests abroad. If there is a question of a General's grant, it is quite like him to suggest that the money might be devoted to Primary Education. He knows a Jingo when he sees one.

THE NEW DIPLOMAT.

The New Diplomacy is the framing of provocative terms and despatches with intent to annoy.

The New Diplomat is the kind of person who, while professedly trying to secure a peaceful settlement, will publicly utter offensive remarks. He is apt to run his country into war. It is very much in his manner to use phrases of this sort: "the sands are running low," "a squeezed sponge," "they must mend their manners," "the hundred legs of a caterpillar." He is very likely to forget the difference between private letters and public documents.

FROM "THE WAR OFFICE—A
MEDLEY."

[A *Times* correspondent complains that the latest regulations issued from the War Office are like a tailor's list, and contain details of seventy-seven kinds of gold lace.]

HALF her warriors were dead,
She was scarcely seen to blink,
All the Empire, watching, said
"She must change, or we shall
sink."

Then they hinted at reform,
Named another likely Chief,
Prophesied a coming storm;
Yet she slumbered past belief.

Passed a Marshal into space,
Strode another to the chair,
Fell a Marquis up a place;
Yet she never turned a hair.

Rose a 'cute official, spread
Tailor's patterns on her knee—
A torrent of new rules she shed;
"Sweet gold lace, I live for thee."

ADDITIONAL STREET SUGGESTIONS.

(For the consideration of the L. C. C.)

THAT the water-carts be filled with the
best perfumes.

That dust, dust-bins, and refuse of all
kinds be strictly prohibited.

That the roads be taken up from below,
and the surface allowed to remain undisturbed for the traffic.

That omnibus conductors be invited to
announce the destination of their conveyances in a musical whisper.

That the names of occupants of houses,
their incomes, and expectations be clearly written up in the drawing-room windows of their respective residences.

That itinerant musicians be only allowed
to play from midnight to 6 A.M., except by special request of one quarter of the inhabitants.

That the railway companies be invited
to stop the whistles of their guards, and to cause the accidents arising out of the omission to be conducted with as little clamour as possible.

That the streets be only watered when
it rains, so that no inconvenience shall be caused to the proprietors of the water-carts.

That every ratepayer shall remove the
snow in front of his house, as combined action is impracticable.

That every ratepayer shall mend his
portion of the highway, as the authorities do not see their way to keeping the streets in good repair.

That every ratepayer shall do every-
thing, because the municipal authorities find they can do nothing.

That the L. C. C. be earnestly invited
to adopt the above suggestions to prove—amongst other things—that it is worthy of being, in point of fact, the L. C. C.



THE MAX
1900

RATHER DIFFICULT FOR HIM.

Jones. "I AM NEVER AT A LOSS IN CONVERSATION."

His Fair Hostess. "BUT SURELY, MR. JONES, THERE MUST BE SOME SUBJECTS YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT DO YOU DO THEN?"

Jones. "OH, THEN—I SAY NOTHING, AND LOOK INTELLIGENT."

"IF!"

["Had the war not broken out, Lord LANSLOWNE would have easily ranked as the best War Minister of recent times."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

It's really very hard to know what one would wish to be!

I'd like to be a sailor if it weren't for the sea;

I'd like to be a parson if I hadn't got to [preach];

I'd like to be a teacher, but I'd simply hate to teach.

I'd like to be a burglar if it weren't for the p'lice;

I'd like to be a soldier if we always were at peace;

[were abolished];

I'd like to be the Speaker if the Session I'd like to have the wool-sack were the House of Lord demolished.

But of all the great professions which I'd gladly claim as mine,

There's one *par excellence* to which my longing thoughts incline;

For nothing in the universe would suit my talents more

Than being made War Minister if there was never war.



"Walking Lady" (late for rehearsal). "OH, I'M SO SORRY TO BE LATE! I DO HOPE YOU HAVEN'T ALL BEEN WAITING FOR ME!"
 Stage Manager (icily). "MY DEAR MISS CHALMERS, INCOMPETENCE IS THE GIFT OF HEAVEN; BUT ATTENTION TO BUSINESS MAY BE CULTIVATED!"

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR CROWDS?

IN view of Lord ROBERTS' return, Mr. Punch begs to submit the following suggestions to the Authorities:—

1. Recall entire South African force to line route.
2. Arrange with Commandant DE WET to land (peaceably) at Liverpool on the same day. (These two first suggestions might with advantage be combined.)
3. Apply universal conscription to Police Force.
4. Abolish Police Force.
5. Barricade side streets.
6. Barricade main streets.
7. Remove houses and various other obstructions on line of route.

8. Extend line of route to Basingstoke: (a long ride, but nothing to BOBS.)

9. Arrange procession for 5 a.m. (An early reveillé, but BOBS won't mind that.)

10. Provide suitable balloon accommodation for crowd.

11. Provide ditto, ditto, for Lord ROBERTS. Or

12. After all, who so admirably fitted to manage a difficult campaign as our Commander-in-Chief?—Ask BOBS!

MOST APPROPRIATE.—The outgoing Lord Mayor, Sir A. NEWTON, has been decorated by the Shah with the highest Persian Order, The Lion and the Sun, doubtless in recognition of Sir ALFRED'S British-leonine capability, and of—well, his son's prowess in Southwark during the election.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE Markiss o' SARUM begs to inform his patrons and the public that the T. R. Westminster will be re-opened at the earliest date possible, under the same management, with new dresses, scenery, and appointments. Several old favourites will appear, and some very popular engagements have been made. Among other elements of popularity

THE SALISBURY QUINTETTE

will give their unrivalled entertainment, and the only successor of the great GRIMALDI, our quick-change artist

"JOE,"

will appear in his great Transvaalian Transformation and Colonial Variety Show.

N.B.—Further details, illustrated, will be given next week.

LAY OF THE HOOLIGAN.

["The Hooligans do not like the cold, damp, miserable month of November; they prefer prison."
 --Daily Mail.]

WHEN summer reigns throughout the land,

In flaming June or fierce July,
 When temperature is tropic, and
 The scorching streets are nice and dry;

The Hooligan's delightful "phiz"

Wears an expression far from glum,

For bodily discomfort is

Reduced to quite a minimum.

His far from perfect boots have not

To face the damp he so much loathes;

No chilly breezes then have got

The chance to penetrate his clothes;

When daylight its departure takes,

And stars shine out above his head,

The pavement or the doorstep makes

A fairly comfortable bed.

But when the summer months have passed,

How different the state of things!

The slushy street, the biting blast,

The fog that dark November brings.

The Hooligan, depressed in mind,

His inactivity repents,

And quickly takes some steps to find

A refuge from the elements.

The pocket-knife he waves on high,

The dainty bludgeon he prepares,

Then lies in wait for passers-by

And pounces on them unawares.

The jovial punch beneath the rib,

The kindly bash upon the nob,

The gay garrotte, employed *ad lib.*,

Or any other little job.

And then, if fortune smiles upon

His perseverance, so to speak,

Ere many dreary days have gone

He will be hauled before the beak.

In lenient law he finds a friend,

And, if his efforts do not fail,

The happy Hooligan may spend

The winter in a cosy gaol.

P. G.



“NOT LOST—BUT LEFT BEHIND!”

UNCLE SAM. “GLAD TO SEE YOU SAFE, PRESIDENT! TAKE A SEAT RIGHT HERE. BUT SAY; WHERE’S THAT ‘IMPERIAL’ UMBRELLA OF YOURS?”

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY. “GUESS I HAD TO DROP IT IN THE CRUSH OUTSIDE!”



HEROD BEERBOHM TREE.

"*C'est magnifique!*" there's no doubt about that, "*Mais—il y a toujours un 'mais.'*" All that the most artistic setting can do for the piece has been done by Mr. HAWES CRAVEN; all that is picturesque in design and harmonious in colour, Mr. PERCY ANDERSON'S costumes achieve; the most that some fine acting, much good acting, and intelligent stage management can effect for *Herod*, the dramatic poem written by Mr. PHILLIPS, has been effected, and "still we are not happy." It may be a grand poem to read, for PHILLIPS is a "worthy peer," and an actor-manager, such as is Mr. TREE, must have perceived in it possibilities for the thrilling portrayal of human passion in many varied phases. Otherwise, this play would never have seen the footlights.

What are its characters? An Oriental barbaric king, earthly, devilish, sensual in his passion which he flatters himself is love; a selfish, cruel, crafty, unscrupulous tyrant. To preserve his throne from imaginary danger he commands the murder of the brother of his wife, of that wife for whom he exhibits such savage, passionate "love"; and, at the very moment of the youth's being done to death, this monster can embrace the victim's sister with fiendish sensuality, covering her with satyr-like caresses. Terrible to describe. "Horrible, most horrible!" And the more realistic the acting, the more revolting the effect. *Herod's* mother and sister are fiends in human shape, skilled poisoners, barefaced liars, combining against the life of the Queen for their own political ends; the King's chief minister has the subtlety and the venom of a serpent; his dependants are ready blindly to obey their tyrant's orders, and thus they murder first the brother of the Queen, and then the Queen herself. Except the brother, *Aristobulus*, who has a short life and a merry one, and is well represented by Mr. NORMAN THARP, and except *Queen Mariamne* (Miss MAUD JEFFRIES), there are among the principal *dramatis personæ* "none that doeth good, no not one." And the more force Mr. TREE throws into the part of *Herod*, the more tiger-like in his rage and satyr-like in his erotic passion he becomes, in fact, the more truthful he is to the actual character he represents, the worse is it for the play. On some persons such terribly realistic acting may exercise a horrible fascination; but these, I imagine, are the exception, not the rule; they are of those who will pay the extra sixpence to see the Chamber of Horrors.

Victim as is the unhappy Queen, yet even in her farewell she is hard; never touching our sympathies, compelling no tears. We are sorry for her, but somehow we feel, as the indifferent spectator at the theatre observed, excusing his remaining dry-eyed while all around were sobbing, that "he couldn't see it was any business of his." Perhaps the poet-dramatist might say there is something lacking in the performance of Miss MAUD JEFFRIES, who impersonates the Queen, with a wealth of coarse auburn hair, so rare as to be well-nigh impossible except as a perruquier's creation, though I fancy it takes its tone from the play, as *Herod* "*voit rouge*" and gloats over it. If *Herod*

is possessed of one good quality, the poet gives no key to it, and therefore Mr. TREE is unable to exhibit a sentiment that he cannot find in the character.

As to the representation of the other important parts, it seemed to me that *Gadiaz*, the plotting chief minister, should have been an austere, determined character, a Hebrew Machiavelli, instead of a sniggering dotard, continually "washing his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water," as he chuckles, like a doddering Puck, over the results of his iniquitous counsels. Miss BATEMAN (Mrs. CROWE in parenthesis) plays the melodramatically repulsive Mother of *Herod*

with a force that leaves little to be desired, except that she would, just occasionally, contrive to tone it down a bit. Is there any necessity for this horribly wicked woman to pronounce the word "torture" as "tarture," which is especially noticeable, as almost immediately after she has finished her speech, *King Herod* has to repeat the same word, and seems as if correcting his mother's pronunciation by uttering "torture" correctly.

Miss ELEANOR CALHOUN makes of *Salome* a striking figure. She delivers her lines with forcible emphasis, and were not her oriental attitudinising so overdone as to suggest that she is an amateur dancing-girl perpetually posturing for the mere love of the thing, or for the sake of playing up to her mother, her rendering of the part could not well be improved.

'Tis not in managers and actors to command success, but Mr. TREE has deserved it, and will no doubt achieve it. Among the ancients, poet and prophet were synonymous terms. Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS is a poet, may he be Mr. TREE'S profit.

THE REASON WHY.

["Furs are no longer merely talked of—they are a necessity."—*Ladies' Column.*]

PHEW!

Don't the wind jes' whistle! Don't it mike yer pinched an' blue!

An' don't it git inter yer lungs an' down yer stumick too!

And don't it set yer orf

With a heverlastin' corf,

Wot 'acks yer,

An' racks yer,

An' cuts yer through an' through!

Wy don't I tike me sible bore, an' wrap it round me throat?

Wy don't I drop me cotton skirt, an' don me sealskin coat?

Cos wy, I found they wosn't in the hortumn fashion; but

I'm a 'avin' of 'em horltered to the litest Paris cut.

In corse it's most provokin' 'ow them long delays hoccurs,

For this 'ere is the season when yer wants yer winter furs;

But orl them Bond Street people is as busy as can be,

An' earn't hattend to customers—not even torfs like me.

When is a massage man in a Turkish bath like a bicycle?—
When he is rubber tired.



A PIECE-OFFERING.



Whip furiously (to shirking hound). "GER-R INTO COVERT WITH YER!"
[Great alarm of Binnings (his first experience of hunting), who acts accordingly.]

THE PROFESSOR AND THE AUTUMN "CREEPER."

(With apologies to Mr. R. S. Hichens, à propos of his fascinating volume, "Tongues of Conscience.")

THE Professor was standing in the doorway as I passed along Berkeley Street. When my gaze alighted upon his parchment face and keen grey eyes, I rushed up and seized him by the hand.

"My dear fellow," I said, "delighted to see you!" He stared coldly.

"May I ask —" he began.

"What need of introduction?" I replied warmly. "Am I not on the look-out for a short story—creepy kind—and are you not the illustrious eternal Professor, absolutely indispensable for that kind of tale?" He looked mollified. "Now," said I, taking his arm and entering the hall, "I will dine with you. No objection, please; in short stories formalities must be dispensed with. By the way, you have no beautiful daughter, nor charming ward, nor victims for vivisection. No!"

I tapped a small door under the staircase enquiringly.

"A boot cupboard," said the Professor, drily.

"Good. Excellent. These realistic touches greatly help a modern creepy story. Ah! I see dinner is just ready. Thank you, I'll sit opposite."

We had dinner. Whilst toying with

the fruit the Professor said, "Excuse the absence of carnivorous food. Never touch meat—hate it." I felt strangely thoughtful, and left soon after.

The next day I reached the Professor's house after dinner. He was taking coffee, and I thought looked rather worried. This made me happy; the short story seemed promising.

"Don't tell me I'm uninvited," I said. "I knew it. Tell me, in the sacred name of Fiction, are you not haunted?"

He started uneasily—then drank more coffee. I waited. He came up to me.

"Yes, I'm haunted; not by a shape—I could dispose of that by a nerve tonic; but by a *smell*—do you hear that, man?—a *smell of hot joints!*"

"Simply grand!" I said. "So splendidly novel—such an improvement on the old-fashioned ghost."

He seized my arm. "Hush! What's that? Here, climb up on the table—something's going to happen!"

A cat padded along the floor; she mewed, sniffed uneasily, then gnawed sideways as if at a bone. I strained my eyes; the cat was gnawing *nothing*. We sprang off the table.

"You saw that?" he cried. "The cat sees this horrid thing. Oh, Jupiter! the smell of joints grows worse each moment. You smell nothing?"

I shook my head. "Only coffee," I said.

"How will it end?" he cried wildly. "This torture will kill me!"

I nodded encouragingly.

"Don't die till you get a really good climax; but, perhaps, then it might be more effective." Then I rushed off to a publisher.

AN ACTOR'S CONFESSION.

PUBLIC, for whose delight I play
This part or that, day after day,
My daily bread to gain;
With pain I learn what passions ill!
In me those characters instil
Whose semblance I sustain.

Othello when I simulate,
Upon my wife a jealous hate
(It seems) I'm taught to turn;
As Richard Crookback if I strut,
My soul to gentle thoughts is shut,
And hideous passions burn.

So I, by evil influence swayed
From every villain's part I played,
Long since had been undone,
Had I not, acting turn about
More kindly characters, no doubt
From them their virtues won.

Thus as my soul now virtue schools,
Now vice with ruthless vigour rules
Upon the mimic stage;
I find myself much on a par
With what my fellow-sinners are,
Upon an average.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is difficult to read straight on through *The Great Boer War* (SMITH, ELDER) by reason of the tears that dim the eyes as the sorrowful story is told. CONAN DOYLE made his reputation as a novelist. Stranger far than fiction is the tale he has to tell of the campaign in South Africa. No romancist, with fear of the critics before his eyes, would venture to narrate in succession how METHUEN tried to cross the Modder, how were fought the battles of Magersfontein, of Colenso, and of Spion Kop. The terribleness of the tale is added to by the dispassionate manner in which Mr. DOYLE handles his facts, and the judicial style of his summing up of the evidence. The conclusion arrived at is put in a sentence. "The slogging valour of the private, the careless dash of the regimental officer, these were our military assets; seldom the care and foresight of our commanders." In brief, the victories slowly won, at immense cost, in face of apparently insuperable difficulties were due to Tommy's dogged valour. As Mr. DOYLE more than once modestly reminds the reader, he is only a civilian. He has, nevertheless, thoroughly mastered the plan and the details of the campaign, and presents them in a shape that can be understood of the people. His description of the various engagements are masterpieces of graphic writing. He brings into clearer light than my Baronite has found it set out elsewhere how dire was the peril to the Empire through the first three months of the struggle. The Boers, patiently preparing for the campaign for more than two years before the Ultimatum was flashed forth, were, on the 9th of October, in last year, armed and ready at all points. They found the mighty British Empire represented by 12,000 men, to begin with hopelessly split into two detachments. We at home laughed at Oom PAUL's blatant demand that British troops in South Africa should leave the country, and those at sea, bound for the Cape, should be turned back. But these simple farmer folk knew what they were about. Had they passed Ladysmith by on the other side, marching straight to Durban and Capetown there was nothing to stand in their way. They let the chance slip through their hands, and the British soldier, splendidly helped by the Colonials, delivered the Empire from the pit dug for it by fatuous administration at home. As Mr. CONAN DOYLE truly says, "If we have something to deplore in this war, we have much, also, to be thankful for." At best, it is a melancholy story of dauntless courage and demented direction.

Mr. W. S. LILLY, hitherto favourably known in the literary world as a serious, philosophic, and withal satirical essayist, has thrown aside the academic robes of a professor lecturing on facts, to appear as a writer of fiction. The transformation of *Doctor Faustus* is the only parallel to this marvel that occurs at the moment to the Baron. His book, *A Year of Life* (JOHN LANE), the learned essayist's first essay in fiction, comes as an agreeable surprise to the Baron, and the greater portion of it compels his genuine admiration. The treatment of many of its scenes is masterly, the interest being, on the whole, well sustained, in spite of the story having been unduly spun out. Owing to this, the impressive effect of the final climax is seriously diminished, and is gradually obliterated by the subsequent prominence given to insignificant details. After the fate of the hero and heroine is decided, the future of the minor characters in the story is a matter of not the smallest interest to anyone. Not only is an "epilogue" needless, but it is resented as superfluous. Immediately after the heroine has placed her hand in that of the hero, and the latter has exclaimed, "LILIAN, my life, my wife!" the curtain should quickly descend. There is no more to be said; no more to be done. Plaudite! The very next line the novelist writes is, "They were silent for a time." Well would it have been for the success of the novel had Mr. LILLY followed this excellent example. Frequently, in the course of the narration, from beneath the

disguise of the novelist the robe of the academic essayist is visible. The characters, meeting in the house of the exceptionally wise and blameless Duke of Shropshire, are all talkers, widely-read persons, gifted, not only with marvellous memories, but also with rare powers of so forcing conversation as to offer frequent openings for their ready-to-hand quotations. These are personages in the highest society, cultured up to such a point that, if they could not find perpetual opportunities for relieving themselves of some of their brain-oppressing knowledge, they would inevitably be victims of spontaneous cerebral combustion. But when Mr. LILLY tears himself away from ducal delights, from the anecdotes told by a right reverend raconteur, from quotations by everybody, including himself, and from his own philosophic reflections, illustrated by more quotations involving foot-note translations, then he takes up his story with vigour, and is at his very best. On these occasions, which happily are not exceptional, the essayist disappears, and we have a novelist writing with real dramatic power. The first love-scene between *Philip* and *Lilian* is an instance in point, being in every respect excellent, and so also is the author's arrangement of the subsequent catastrophe. Yet so inveterate is this habit of quotation in Mr. LILLY, that at the supreme crisis in the lives of his two lovers, their fate is decided, *per sortes Virgilianas*, by a quotation from TENNYSON! When he is engaged on his next novel, let him adopt the plan practised with some success by Mr. Dick, who found as much difficulty in keeping CHARLES THE FIRST's head out of his memorial as Mr. LILLY would presumably find in avoiding all temptation to bring in quotations; and then with head clear of reminiscences, and with hand free, he will come to his work, "his strength renewed as the eagle's" (quotation), and will give us his best entire, of which in *A Year of Life* we have already so many undeniable specimens.

Mr. M. H. SPIELMANN has just written and published a most interesting, instructive, and charmingly illustrated essay on the Portraits of GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

"When CHAUCER lived"—"the order of the Garter Was instituted." There was nothing arder.
Yes, one thing more! What, Mr. SPIELMANN, pray?
Aha! . . . "the vine was planted in Tokay."

But that CHAUCER lived to avail himself of any chance of stocking his cellar, Mr. SPIELMANN deponeth not. In this book there are eleven excellent photographic reproductions of the Poet's portraits, of which only one is "a picture, mounted"; and this, which is perhaps the most interesting in the collection, may be taken to mean—though Mr. SPIELMANN does not suggest it—that the Poet is here seen on his ambling Pegasus. This essay is the work of a skilled and enthusiastic connoisseur, for whom the exact study of any personage, or period, in the history of literature or art, is indeed a labour of love. And here it is not "Love's Labour Lost."

Free Trade for Fairies by all means! Let 'em all come in from every foreign country under the Sun and Moon. They can have no better official introduction for the Court of King Oberon than Mr. ANDREW LANG, in his Fairy Directory, entitled *The Gray Fairy Book* (LONGMAN, GREEN & Co.), whose tales and legends are well illustrated by the magic pencil wand of H. J. FORD.

Grimm's Fairy Tales, edited and translated by BEATRICE MARSHALL, for children and the household (WARD, LOCK & Co.). Old friends Marshall'd together, most welcome to young readers, and familiar as "Household Words" to their elders. A lot of nice new friends, in the way of extra stories, are given to complete the company. The illustrations are excellent.

A collection of wonderfully truthful tales entitled *Imaginations*, by TUDOR JENKS (FISHER UNWIN), containing amusing but impossible situations which the reader may believe, if he can, but the advice of the considerate author himself is *Don't*, especially those that are guaranteed strictly untrue.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



"HAT'S up, DICK?" said one.

"Everything," replied the other.

"O h — that's bad. But what in particular?"

"Oh, I'm too sick at heart to tell you anything about it."

"By Jove, you don't say so! You must be bad, old chap. Got any baccy here?"

"Oh, yes, heaps of baccy; heaps of everything."

"That's not the fellow who ought to be down in the mouth and miserable."

"Oh, everything material, I meant."

"You need not speak with such contempt of material things," said PARKER quietly. "After all, in this vale of tears, while material things are with us, spiritual things can go by the wall very comfortably. But what I want to know is, what particular spiritual trouble is on you now?"

The man called DICK got up impatiently and stretched himself, mixed another whiskey and soda and began to fill his pipe. PARKER looked at him with genuine bewilderment. For full five minutes neither of them spoke. They sat in their big chairs in that small, untidy barrack-room in absolute silence.

Then DICK VERNON gave an impatient sigh and rapped out an ugly little word, kicking out one of his long legs as if he were kicking an imaginary enemy.

"Better make a clean breast of it, old chap," said PARKER. "It will relieve you, if it doesn't do anything else."

"Well, you know," began VERNON, rather ungraciously, as an Englishman always does when he is going to make a serious confidence, "I've been over at the Palace a good deal lately."

"Yes, I know you have. Isn't the fair MARGARET —?"

"Oh, the fair MARGARET is all right."

"Then, what's the trouble?"

"Oh, the trouble is His Holiness the Pope of IDLEMINSTER."

"The Pope? Doesn't he favour your suit?"

"Favour it? Not exactly! I suppose he wants his daughter

to marry some snivelling finger-post, and then he'll give him two or three fat livings."

"I believe it ain't the law now," put in PARKER. "A bishop who gave his son-in-law a good fat living would raise such a storm —"

"Oh, well, I don't know. I only know that I've — I've proposed to MARGARET, that I've been and interviewed His Holiness and that he has said 'No.' And the old beast's coming to dine here to-night!"

PARKER got up and strutted across the room, puffing himself out so as to fill as much space as he could, and softly rubbed his hands one against the other with a curious sympathetic movement of the head—I mean sympathetic to the imaginary washing of the hands.

"Oh, yes, I know," said VERNON; "it's beastly hard lines. There she is, crying her eyes out in this blooming old Palace; and here am I with every hope I had in the world dashed to the ground."

"My dear chap," said PARKER, "you are getting quite poetic."

"It's all very well for you; you were never in love in your life. Perhaps when you are as old as I am, you will be. What does a babe like you know about love?"

"I? I have been in love"—and here PARKER gave a great sigh—"I have been in love, my dear chap, times out of count."

"Yes, but you never stopped in it. You were never in love to matter."

"Not yet," said PARKER modestly, "not yet; time enough. I'm nineteen; you're twenty-five."

"She's nineteen, too," said VERNON.

"Is she as much as that? I thought she was less."

"Yes, she was nineteen the other day. She says she will stick to me, bless her! But it means two years wasted, if the old curmudgeon keeps his word and refuses his consent absolutely: and, even then, he may force her to marry somebody else. She says she won't; says if she waits ten years she won't. But a father can make it so jolly hot for a young girl, if he has a mind that way. You know they say that constant dropping will wear away a stone. I'm so afraid —"

"Oh, my dear chap, buck up, buck up; never say die! The axiom that holds good on one side will hold good on the other. Constant dropping will wear away a stone? Yes, and con-

stant bombardment may make the episcopal father-in-law raise the siege and surrender at discretion. He is coming to dine to-night, you say. Whose guest is he?"

"I suppose he's JOHN JENKINSON'S guest."

"Oh, yes, I suppose so. Then you had better keep as modestly in the background as you can, and let me worm myself forward and into the episcopal graces."

For a moment VERNON was silent, then all at once he burst out again. "I don't know what the old beggar wants. I'm a deuced sight better born than he is, I'm decently off, I'm a fair-looking chap—hang it all, anyway, I'm the man she fancies! What can he want more, unreasonable old beggar?"

"There's never any saying what a father wants," remarked PARKER; "still less is there any saying when that father happens to be a Bishop. Perhaps he wants his daughter to marry a duke, or a marquis at least. Of course, you are none of these grand things. You are plain Mr. VERNON, and beyond a military title I don't suppose you will ever have a handle to your name."

"I don't want a handle to my name," burst out VERNON irritably. "We have been VERNONS of Stretfield a sight longer than there have been any Bishops of Idleminster."

"Oh, yes, but you are not a howling swell like a Bishop. You don't go to the House of Lords and sit in a sort of black satin night-gown. No, no; you must take the rough with the smooth, old boy, and if His Holiness proves difficult, you must meet resistance with strategy. Isn't that good tactics, eh?"

"I dare say it is," said VERNON wearily, "I dare say it is. I have been thinking about it ever since yesterday afternoon. The more I thought, the more added I got and the more impossible it seemed that I should ever do anything to bring him to see reason. If he had been angry, the old beast, I should have had hopes; but he wasn't angry. He wasn't anything, except cold-blooded and fish-like and prosy. Oh, I don't know how such a thing comes to be the father of MARGARET CHATFIELD."

"Perhaps she takes after her mother," suggested PARKER.

"Well, perhaps she does; anyway we don't know, since she hasn't a mother."

"Don't despair, old chap. Keep up your pecker; buck up, it will come all right. As old BOOTLES used to say, it will dry straight in the end. Don't jack up too soon."

"I'm not going to jack up. I say, PARKER, you've got a scheme in your head?"

PARKER's eyes instantly sought the ground. "I wouldn't quite say that. I think a way might be found with a little—a little tact. You say he is going to dine here to-night with JOHN JENKINSON. That's funny! JOHN JENKINSON's got the gout."

"Well, I know he has; but he couldn't very well write and say 'I can't have your Holiness because I've got the gout.' He is JOHN JENKINSON'S guest, and we shall have to entertain him."

"That's a point in our favour," remarked PARKER, striking first one and then the other of his smooth pink cheeks. "I must—you must be out of this. The less you say the better. Be very civil, very polite, rather deferential and intensely quiet during the whole of the dinner. You won't sit very near him; you can take care of that. I shall take care that I do. Now, I must take CHUMMY into my confidence."

"But don't let all the fellows know exactly why."

"No, no, no; only CHUMMY. Leave it to CHUMMY and me. I think with a little judicious counterfeiting that the Right Reverend the Bishop of IDLEMINSTER may be brought to see reason."

CHAPTER II.

PARKER, otherwise the BABE, upheaved himself from the depths of his big chair, and pulled the chin-strap of his forage cap yet more tightly over his chin.

It was a very young face, smooth and small featured, with not even a suspicion of a moustache. His hair was fair and

inclined to be curly; his skin, pink and white; his eyes were very blue and well shaded by eyelashes a good deal darker than his hair.

As he went swaggering out of the room, with his sword clanking after him, DICK VERNON gave vent to a bitter little laugh. As if that stripling could help him in such a weighty matter against so potent a personage as the Lord Bishop of IDLEMINSTER! Oh, how he did wish that MARGARET CHATFIELD'S father had been no more than a country rector, who would have welcomed RICHARD VERNON of Stretfield as his son-in-law.

His thoughts were very bitter as he sat there, tugging hard at his pipe. Would it ever come right? Would he ever attain the desire of his heart? Would MARGARET CHATFIELD ever be his?

He was, however, for the moment, under the influence of, and depending on the discretion of that very young officer, CHARLES PARKER, commonly known as "the Babe" among the officers of the distinguished regiment to which he belonged. Then a thought flashed into his mind, of something he had heard in church only a Sunday or two ago; something about a little child laying its hand on the cockatrice den; and, in spite of his misery, DICK VERNON burst out laughing at the thought of the episcopal wrath did the Lord Bishop of IDLEMINSTER ever discover—"drop down to it" were the exact words in which his reflections formed themselves—that this smooth-faced youngster was trying to make him alter his august mind!

In the meantime the youngster had gone in search of another comrade, of whom he had spoken as CHUMMY.

Now, CHUMMY wasn't a subaltern. On the contrary, he was very high up the list of captains; and, perhaps, no more popular man could have been found on the entire strength of the Black Horse, from the Colonel down to the youngest drummer boy.

As he expected, PARKER found him in his quarters, enjoying half-an-hour's rest before he went out on whatever occupation he fancied for the afternoon.

In reply to the BABE'S thump, thump, at the door of his quarters, he shouted a cheery, "Come in!"

"Hullo, BABE, is that you?"

The BABE went in, carefully closing the door behind him.

"Are you alone, CHUMMY?" he asked.

"I am, BABE; I am," was the response. "What's amiss?"

"Well, nothing's amiss with me, thanks be to goodness," replied PARKER, settling himself comfortably in the easiest chair that he could find. "But poor DICK VERNON is in a devil of a mess."

"Is he though? What has happened? I have not heard anything of it."

"No, you wouldn't be likely to hear anything of it; but he is in a mess, poor old chap! He's sitting up in his quarters this minute like a bear with a sore head."

"What! What has happened?"

"Well, I can speak to you in confidence, of course. I have got VERNON'S permission to confide in you."

"Poor old chap! What is it?"

"It's the Bishop's daughter."

"Oh!"

"Yes, unfortunately, that's what the Bishop said. He said 'Oh!' too."

"More important what the lady says on the subject, don't you think?"

"Well, in the ordinary way, yes; in the way of Bishops, I am afraid not. It seems that VERNON proposed to her the other night, and she accepted him. Yesterday afternoon he went to have an interview with His Holiness the Pope of IDLEMINSTER, and got sent about his business in double quick time."

"You don't say so! What for?"

"What for? I don't know. He don't know. She don't know. But by all accounts she's sitting crying her eyes out in the Episcopal Palace, and VERNON is cursing his luck here in his quarters."

"Bless my life and soul!" ejaculated WILSON KING. "Bless my life and soul! What, ain't VERNON good enough for the Bishop?"

"I don't know what's his reason, but he has said 'No,' and said it very decidedly. Now, I'd like to do poor old VERNON a good turn; yes, I would. He's a good chap, a good all-round chap, and the girl is fond of him, and there's no reason why His Holiness should have stepped in to make matters unpleasant. I have thought of a little plan which, with assistance from you, I think I can carry into effect with considerable benefit to the parted lovers."

"Yes? Well, what is it?"

"Well, the Bishop is coming to dine to-night. He's JOHN JENKINSON's guest. Major isn't dining, DRUMMOND is going to an evening party, and will want to leave the ante-room fairly early, and the honours of the evening will devolve upon you."

"Well?"

"Well, I think if you would suggest to His Holiness, who loves a game of cards, mind you, that perhaps he would not care to be seen playing in the ante-room—which he probably wouldn't—but that he could have a game of whist if he came up to your quarters—"

"Well?"

"Well, I may manage the rest. See?"

"No, I don't see. Can't you give me a little more?"

"Well, I don't want to spoil things; but how would this work?"

Then he bent forward and whispered a few words in his comrade's ear. The result of the few words was to send WILSON KING off into a paroxysm of uncontrollable laughter. "Ha, ha, ha!" he cried. "Ho, ho, ho! you'll never do it, BABE."

"Me not do it?" said the BABE, regardless of grammar.

"Me not do it? Ha, ha! I have dodged people more important to me than the Bishop of IDLEMINSTER. If you don't give me away, CHUMMY, I'll back myself to do it."

A few hours later, the officers of the Black Horse were gathered together in the ante-room, and WILSON KING was just explaining to the Lord Bishop the cause of their Chief's absence.

"Got the gout?" said the Bishop, in his most episcopal tones. "Oh, poor fellow, I am sorry."

"So is he, Bishop," said WILSON KING, "so is he. But I went down and saw him this afternoon, and I told him I would look after you, and try to represent him to the best of my ability. Perhaps you know Father O'RAFFATY?" indicating a jolly-looking Catholic priest who had just entered the room.

The Bishop bowed. He was a very Episcopalian Bishop, with a strong tendency towards Low Church views—Evangelical he called them. He liked Roman Catholic priests as little as they liked him, which was saying a good deal; but when two men of diametrically opposite sentiments on any subject, religious or otherwise, are guests at the same table they cannot but preserve an outwardly civil demeanour, and the Bishop answered the priest's enquiries after his health with an unctuous politeness of manner which caused WILSON KING the most intense amusement.

One after another, the officers of the regiment came and greeted the great dignitary of the Church, among them VERNON, to whom the Bishop was civil to absolute effusion.

At dinner he sat beside WILSON KING, who was the most amusing man in the whole of the Black Horse. Never did a mess dinner go so smoothly or so merrily. The Bishop felt that he had never before really understood soldiers. He had never thought that they could be so appreciative of episcopal merit. He had not been very long Bishop of IDLEMINSTER, and he had cherished the idea, not uncommon among ecclesiastics, that the Army was, on the whole, opposed to the Church. Here was he, however, evidently the favourite guest of the evening. Every man at the table, excepting VERNON, seemed desirous of taking wine with him. The waiter plied his glass with champagne of a brand that was beyond dispute. Good stories and jokes followed one another in rapid succession, and, yet, not a single word was uttered which could in any way be regarded as a slight upon his episcopal dignity.

"You will smoke, Bishop?" said WILSON KING.

"Just a cigarette," he replied; "just a cigarette."

With the appearance of that cigarette, the wine drinking began again.

"Bishop," cried one, "you didn't take wine with me."

"I thought I did," said the Bishop in his blandest voice, a voice which, by this time, was becoming suspiciously mellow.

"No, Bishop, not with me, I assure you; I give you my word of honour. Just one glass more, to show that there is no ill-feeling."

"Ill-feeling?" The Bishop was feeling anything but ill; perhaps a shade topsy-turvy, but that was a matter which nobody knew anything about but himself.

"You like a game of whist, don't you, Bishop?" said WILSON KING at this juncture.

"Yes—on occasion," said the Bishop a little doubtfully.

"Seems to me that this is an excellent occasion for a game of whist, don't you think so?"

The Bishop turned towards WILSON KING who, out of the tail of his eye, saw that the mess waiter was again filling up the Bishop's champagne glass. "Well—not to-night; no. Not that I see any harm in it—oh dear, no; not the least in the world—but one has to be careful, you know. Eh? That good gentleman, my colleague—you understand—you understand."

"Well, I don't," said WILSON KING; "but that's neither here nor there. Perhaps you will enlighten me."

"Well, all things are lawful, but all things are not expedient. It's quite lawful for me to play a game of whist, but—I don't think it would be expedient to indulge myself in that way when I'm in company with a Catholic priest."

"Oh!" said WILSON KING, "is that all?"

"And you have some very young officers here who might think, if they saw a Bishop playing whist, that they were at liberty—well, to play a very different game of whist to what would content me. All things are lawful, but—all things are not expedient."

"I think you are perfectly right, Bishop," said WILSON KING, "perfectly right, quite right, and I honour and admire you very much indeed for it; but, all the same, if you are inclined for a game of whist, you could come up to my quarters and have a quiet rubber without anybody, excepting those who play with you, being any the wiser."

(Continued in our next.)